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fair, who upon going to strike up the solo which was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow. So you see, Sir, it was not born with me. However, though my friends, even Apjohn, despaired of me, the *cacoethes loquendi* was not to be subdued without a struggle. I was for the present silenced, but I still attended our meetings with the most laudable regularity; and even ventured to accompany the others to a more ambitious theatre, "The Devils of Temple bar;" where truly, I may say, that many a time the devil's own work was going forward. Here, warned by fatal experience that a man's powers may be overstrained, I at first confined myself to a simple "aye," or "no;" and by dint of practice and encouragement, brought my tongue to recite those magical elements of parliamentary eloquence, "with sound emphasis and good discretion;" so that in a short time I had completed my education for the Irish senate. Such was my state; a popular throb just beginning to revisit my heart, when a long expected remittance arrived from Newmarket. Apjohn dined with me that day; and when the leg of mutton, or rather the *bone*, was removed, we offered up the libation of an additional glass of punch "for the health and length of days of that kind mother who remembered the necessities of her absent child." In the evening we repaired to "The Devils." One of them was upon his legs; a fellow of whom it was impossible to decide whether he was most distinguished by the filth of his person, or the flippancy of his tongue: just such another as the great Harry Flood, our talented countryman, would have called "the highly gifted gentleman with the dirty cravat and greasy pantaloons." I found this learned person in the act of calumniating chronology by the most preposterous anachronisms, and (as I believe I shortly afterwards told him,) traducing the illustrious dead, by affecting a confidential intercourse, as he would with some nobleman, "his very dear friend," behind his back, who, if present, would indignantly repel the imputation of so insulting an intimacy. He descanted upon Demosthenes, the glory of the Roman Forum; that Tully was the cotemporary and rival of Cicero; and in the short space of one half hour, transported the straits of Marathon three several times to the plains of Thermopylæ. Thinking I had a right to know something of these matters, I looked at him with surprise; and whether it was the money in my pocket, or my classical chivalry, or most probably the supplemental tumbler of punch, that gave my face a smirk of saucy confidence, when our eyes met, there was something like a wager of battle in mine, upon which the erudite gentleman instantly changed his invective against me, and concluded by a few words of friendly counsel (horresco referens) to "orator mum," who he doubted not possessed wonderful talent for eloquence, although he would recommend him to show it in future by some more popular method than silence.—I followed his advice, and I believe not entirely without effect; for, when upon sitting down, I whispered my friend, "that I hoped he did not think that my *dirty* antagonist had got *clean* off?"

"On the contrary, my dear fellow," said he, "every one around me is declaring that it is the first time they ever saw him so *well dressed*."

The speech which Mr. Curran made upon this occasion, was immediately followed by a more substantial reward than the applauses of his hearers. The debate was no sooner closed than the president of the society despatched his secretary to the eloquent stranger, to solicit the honour of his company to partake of a cold collation, which proved to consist of bread, cheese, and porter; but the public motives of the invitation rendered it to the guest the most delicious supper that he had ever tasted.

In the battle of Leipsic, fought in the year 1631, it is worthy of remark that Gustavus Adolphus made use of field-pieces constructed of hardened leather, bound round with iron hoops; and the Scots first fired in platoons: the two Scottish regiments were led by Sir James Ramsay, surnamed the Black, Sir John Hamilton, and Robert Monro, Baron of Fowlis.

SEA-NYMPH'S SONG.

Oh! come with us to our fairy home beneath those sparkling waves,
And view us as we roam at will through our coral cover'd caves;
And join the dance and banquet bright, the song and the tale of love,
And share a life but known by name in the dull repose above.

We hold our halls by the diamond's light in the glow of the mirror'd deep,
Where the amaranth gives undying bloom, and the sea-treasures ever sleep:
Our banquets and the mirth they bring suit the evergreen flower's hue,
The same to-day as they yesterday were, thus ever unchang'd though new.

Our pledges are given in spicy draughts never tasted by mortal's lip,
For earth does not yield, or its children know, such liquors as those we sip;
The amber gives us its golden tint, the silvery pearl its sheen,
To fashion the vases wherein they foam, well worthy of such I ween!

Our songs—oh! our life is a life of song!—breathe nought but of pleasure and glee,
And the strain ye wish for, too oft in vain, the wild spirit of the free;
For think ye *that's* found in the hireling's verse, in the lay of a purchased muse;
And have courtly smiles, and profligate gold, left ye aught but from these to choose?

But to us and our home belong liberty's peal, we sing and its echoes are flung
From our chambers of mirth, in the azure below, through our domes and our halls every one.
Of freedom we'll sing at our festals by day, but of love at the calm eventide,
And the hymn of the heart, with the moonbeams as pure o'er the blue wave together shall glide:

And love, as ye dream it, or wish it to be, undying, unsullied and true,
And fresh from the heart, as the scent from the rose, pearl'd o'er with its last night's dew,
Shall be thine if thou'lt come to our home in the deep, where pain is unknown, or sorrow,
Where care throws no blight on the bliss of to-day in the thought of the coming morrow!

Then away, away to that fairy home, to our bowers beneath the sea,
To our halls of gold, and our banquets of mirth, our songs and our revelry;
Away, away, we wait too long near this earth, so dull and so cold,
Where the heart in its sunniest glow feels chill'd, and even youth's warm throb seems old!

J. C.

ABBEY OF CORCOMROE, COUNTY OF CLARE.

Mr. Editor—In sending my present contribution to your patriotic and highly useful publication, I am bound to acknowledge the great obligation I owe you for having corrected the error I fell into in my account of Roscrea, given in your 86th number. I inadvertently applied, in that article, to the author of the "Irish Antiquarian Researches" an observation intended for another person, and incorrectly found fault with Sir William Betham, as if he had supposed that the Roscrea copy of the gospels was found by boys seeking birds' nests in the Devil's Bit mountain.

The fact is, writing as I do these my trifling and gra-